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Choice Loctry.

TE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

Why do you crowd upon me thus, ye eld familiar faces? In everything I look upon, imagination traces Bright images of by-gone days, when some were not false.

where'er I turn, they smile on me, as long ago they'd And where are they, and what am I, since all that joyous

The wind sighs through the tall, rank grass, which waves above their bed! above their bed! And long and many years and cares have whitened o'er

And, hid amidst the gay wild flowers, they seem to gaze On me.

The merry gurgling of the stream, that leaps in joy along,
Comes as a voice that was, to me, sweet as the night bird a song:
The dancing bubbles, too, which start to being on its tide,
Bring those that on life's stream, with us, danced and as
quickly died.

weaves; The little violet's bright eye becomes, beneath my gaze, An eys, new dim, whose beams had joy for me in other An eye, now dim, whose beams had joy for me in other days;
The pale and modest primrose, sweet-breathed harbinger of Spring—
The prophet of all Summer flowers—can now no gladness bring: bring:
The lily, tulip—all that once o'er me enchantment threw—be;
Now only call up from their tembs the friends that loved up,

Why do ye crowd upon me thus, ye old familiar faces! Why are ye present day and night, at every hour—all The bird upon its cleaving wing, the shells upon the shore:
The incense nature offers when the Summer shower is o'er.
The mountide glory of the sky; the moon upon the sea:
The clouds when bathed in sunset's gold, or happy chil-All these, that once awoke delight, and clothed my life with graces, New only call from memory's depths those old familiar

CLING TO THOSE WHO CLING TO YOU.

- Cling to those who cling to you!

 More than half our sorrow's made,
 When we are ourselves untrue
 To the light of friendship's aid;
 But how sweet it is to own
 Some kind heart to thine heat true,
 After many years had flown—
 Cling to those who cling to you!
- Cling to those who cling to you!
 Think how those who live apart,
 That sweet solace never knew.
 Friendship sheds around the heart.
 Who is there that hath not long d
- Once to find some friend prove tru That your friendships be prolong d-Cling to those who cling to you!
- Cling to those who cling to you! Every link of friendship's chain

Select Storn.

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. A TALE OF THE TORY ASCENDANCY.

BY JOHN P. KENNEDY.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXXV MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

On the third morning following Lindsay's and Tyrrel's departure, the season being now about the commencement of September, Henry was for the commencement of September, items was seen, after an unusually early breakfast, to come forth upon the grass plot, in front of the house, caring in his hand a short rifle-his enstowary ient of the bugle being slung across accompaniment of the bugle being slung across his shoulders. For some moments he was occu-pied in examining his weapon; then, leaning it against a tree that stood upon the lawn, he put the bugle to his mouth, and sounded a long and clear signal-note. The first effects of this spell bring up Belle, Blanche, and Hylas, the bounds, who came frisking over the grass with many antics, that might to resemble the bows and ourtsies of the human species, and which were accompanied by the houndish salutation of deep-mouthed howls that the horn never fails to wake up in these ani-

Soon after these, came striding up the hill the long, gaunt form of Stephen Foster, who, mounting the stone wall on the lower side, with one bound sprang over the thick-set-hedge that be-

the mansion of the Dove Cote, in expectation of some call from Henry, between whom and him-self there existed a mutual and somewhat exor-

complacent grin on Stephen's features, as he ested the young bugleman with the interroga-

ter another buck, I reckon! And an elegant morning it is for a drive! May be, the wind's a little too fresh, 'cepting you was able to steal on the lower side of the game, and then the scent ould come down like a rose. Thar's a great advantage in being down the wind, because the animal can't hear you breaking through the bushes, for the wind makes naturally such a

you see."
"I fancy I know a good hunting day, Lieutenant Foster," replied Henry, putting his arms akimbo, "as well as you. Who told you I was going after a buck? Why, man, if that had been my drift, I should have started you two hours. we have other business in hand, Ste-There is such dreadful news in the counphen. There is such dreadful news in the country! We shall march soon, take my word for it. I am resolved to go, Stephen, as soon as ever the Rangers set out, let my father say what he will. It is time that men should take their sides—that's

"Well, take notice, Mister Henry, and Stephen, chnekling, "I give you my warning against it. But if you do go along with me, I'll take as much care of you as if you were my own son."

"I know sister Mildred thinks," replied Henry, "It wouldn't be very wrong in me to go; and so I'll leave her to make my peace at home. Besides, I am going on her account, just to try and hear something of Major Butler."

"If the Marker on mild and the side of the si

hear something of Major Butler."

"If that's her opinion," said Stephen, "thar isn't much wrong about it. She is the head contriver and main privy counsellor," added Stephen, laughing, as he used these slang words, with which he was in the habit of garnishing his conversation, "of all matters that are done here in this bouse."

"These are your new regimentals, Stephen," said Henry, looking at Foster's dress; "you shine like a flecker on a sunny day. It will please sister to the life, to see you se spruce; she's a pro-digious diciplinarian, and doesn't like to see us rabels (here he put-his hand to his mouth, and

rebels (here he put his hand to his mouth, and pronounced his words with a mock circumspection) worse dressed than the rescally red-coats. When do the Rangers march, Stephen!"

When do the Rangers march, Stephen!"

We are waiting for orders, every day. We parade, you know, Mister Henry, this morning."

"You must plead off to-day," said Henry; "I called you up, to tell you that sister and I were going to ride, and I wanted you to go with us. At any rate, if you must go to the troop, you can leave us on the road. You don't meet till twelve o'clock, and both sister and I want to talk to you. She commanded me to tell you this. I

believe she wishes you to take a letter for her.

Poor Mildred doesn't know that I am going with you, so, as to that, you needn't let on. Go, Stephen, have our houses ready, as soon as you can get them. Quick, good Stephen; sister and I will wait for them on the lawn."

The Lieutement of \$\frac{1}{2}\$. Letter of the sound in good heart, excepting some trifle drawbacks that don't come to

The Lieutenaut of the Rangers, having re-ceived bisorders, hurried away to attend to their

execution.

Mildred was already apparelled for her ride, Mildred was already apparelled for her ride, and came at this moment from the house along the gravel walk. Her cheek, lately pale, had now begun to show the raddy hoe of health. Her full, dark blue eye, although habitually expressive of a thoughtful temperament, frequently sparkled with the sudden flash of a playful spirit, and oftener with the fire of an ardent resolution.

As Mildred advanced along the shaded walk, she was followed by a fantastic little stiendass, whom, in the toyish freak of a solitary luxurious life, she had trained to fill the station of a lady's page. This was a diminutive negro boy, not above ten years of age, of a delicate figure, and now gandily decked in a vest of scarlet cloth, a pair of loose white linen trowsers drawn at the ankle, and red slippers. His business seemed to be, at the present moment, to acquit himself of the responsible duty of holding an ivery-moun-ted riding-whip in readiness for the service of his matters.

Mildred had crossed the lawn, and arrived at the place where Henry now stood, she was saluted by her brother with: "Stand, my gentle sister, you and your monk-ey! Ah, Mildred, you are not what you used to

ey! Ah, Mildred, you are not what you be; you have grown much too grave of late, up, dear sister; for, after all, what is it! we have been beaten, and we must fight it over again, that's all. And as to the Major, your partiality magnifies his dangers. Hasn't he an arm!—yes; and hosn't he a leg!—which, in war, I hold to be just as useful son

"There is a dreadful uncertainty, brother," re-plied Mildred. "I dream of the worst."

'A fig for your dreams, sister Mildred! They have been all sorts of ways, and that you know. Now, I have a waking dream, and that is, that before you are twenty-four hours older, you will hear of Major Butler."

"Would to Heaven your dream may prove true!" replied Mildred. "But, Henry, you love me, and affection is an arrant cheat in its pro-

"Tush, then, sister! don't talk of it. For when we know, it does no good to get to faucyidg. These are the times to act; and perhaps I'll surprise you yet."
"With what, good brother?"

"Order arms," replied Henry, evading his sis-ter's inquiry, and at the same time assuming a military erectness, and bringing his rifle briskly to the ground—"with the beauty of my drill, sis-ter. It even surprises myself. You shall see me march." And here he shouldered his rifle, and stepped with a measured pace across the green, and then back again; whilst the sancy Endymon, presuming on his privileges, with mimic gestures, followed immediately in Henry's roar, taking large strides to keep his ground. When Henry perceived this apish minon thus upon his track, he burst out into a lond laugh.

"You huge giant killer, do you mock me!" he sclaimed. "Sister, I will smother your bodygnard in the crown of my cap, if he isn't taught better manners."

gaard in the crown of the part with better manners."

"Henry, I cannot share your light heart with you," said Mi'dred, sorrowfulyl; "unine is heavy."

"And mine is yours, sister, light or heavy; in sunshine or in storm; Summer and Winter, dear Mildred, it is always yours. It was a trick of mine to amuse you. And if I do not seem to feel, mine to annuse you. And if I do not seem to feel, sister, as you do, it is because I mean to act. We men have no time for low spirits."

"Stephen Foster is here at the door with our

horses, brother. Boy, give me the whip-now, away. The gay feathers of this bird," said Mil-dred, as the little black retired, "do not become a follower of mine.

The new aspect of affairs, since the decade of the new aspect of affairs, since the decade of the brave per things, and every day added particulars that were of a nature to increase the distress. The bloody fate of the brave DeKalb, and the sold-bloody Cornwallis had begun his preparations for fur-ther conquests; and, above all, the boastful con-fidence with which he, by his preclamations, sought to open the way for his invasion of North Carolina and Virginia, by attempting to rally the liege subjects of the King under his standard—all these events came on the wings of rumor, and had lighted up a flame through the whole and had lighted up a flame through the whole country. To Mildred, they all imported an ill omen as regarded the fate of Arthur Butler. Now and then, a straggling soldier of Gates's broken force arrived at the Dove Cote, where he was re-ceived with an eager hospitality, and closely ques-tioned as to the events in which he had participated. But of Butler, not even the remotest ti-dings were obtained. For the present, the un-certainty of his fortune filled Midred's thoughts with the most auxious and unhappy misgivings; and this frame of mind over-mastered all other feelings. The late visit of Tyrrel to the Dove Cote, and the abrupt departure of her father with this individual, on an unavowed expedition. were not calculated to allay her fears; and she felt herself pressed on all sides with the presages of coming misfortune. In these difficulties, she did not lose her fortitude; but, like a mariner benighted in a dangerous strait, she counted over the auxious moments of her voyage, expecting, at each succeeding instant, to hear the dreadful stranding of her bark on the unseen rock, though bravely prepared for the worst.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RORSE-SHOE ARRIVES AT THE DOVE COTE.

It was in the state of painful expectation de-It was in the state of paintal expectation de-scribed in the last chapter, that Mildred rode out, daily; and upon one of these rides, which were taken with a feeble hope of meeting some wayfarer from the scene of strife, that might give her some intelligence of Major Butler. She was generally accompanied by her brother Henry and Stephen Foster. On the morning to which our marrative refers, as they were riding along the road, a flock of turkeyscrossed their path, and Henry and Stephen gave immediate pursuit, leaving Mildred alone in the road.

leaving Mildred alone in the road.

After five or ten minutes had elapsed, it was with a sensation of some little concern that she descried, upon the road, a stranger mounted on horseback, and coming at brisk trot to the spot where she had balted. The appearance of the individual was that of one the irregular soldiers. Rangers set out, fet my father sides—that's my opinion."

"Muster Henry, I wouldn't advise you," said stephen, with a wise shake of the head. "Your father would grieve himself to death, if you were to leave him."

"Don't believe the half of that, Lieutenant. There would be a flurry for a little while, and, after that, father would see that the thing couldn't be helped, and so he would have to be satisfied. FII steal away, that's flat."

"Well, take notice, Mister Henry," said Stephen, chuckling, "I give you my warning against it. But if you do go along with me, I'll take as much care of you as if you were my own son."

"Il know sister Middred thinks," replied Henry, "It is scarce two miles away, sir," replied Mil-

"It is scarce two miles away, sir," replied Mil-

"And there, if I don't disremember," said the traveller, "is a house kept by the widow Dim-mock; the Blue Ball, I think!" There is, sir.

"And no forks in the road betwixt this and the "It is a plain road, sir," replied Mildred. "And about two miles beyont—is squire Lind-say's, at a place they call the Dove Cotef"

"Does your business take you there!" asked Mildred, with interest; "are you from the army!

whence come you?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am," replied the stranger, smiling, "but I am an old sodger, and rather wary about answering questions that consaru myself. I suppose it is likely I mought see Mr. Lindsay!"

"And Arthur Butler!"

"He is well, madame, and in good heart, excepting some trifle drawbacks that don't come to much account."

Thank God, thank God, for this news!" "Thank God, thank God, for this news."

"I have brought two letters, Miss Lindsay from the Major, for you, they will tell you, I believe, mainly, that the Major is in the hands of the Philistines." said Horse-Shoe, rummaging through the plaits of his dress, and getting loose the belt and leathern pouch, from which, by the help of his jack-knife, he extricated the missives; "but they leave the story to be told pretty much by me. The long and short of it is, that the Major is a prisoner, and wants some assistance from you, but there is no danger of any harm being done him."

Mildred engerly tore open the letters, and read them; then, heaving a sigh, she said: "He is closely watched, and galled with misfortune. He refers to you. Mr. Robinson, and I must beg you to tell me all."

Horse-Shoe, with a cheerful and occasionally with even a langhing manner, adopted to reas-sure the lady, and quell her fears, recounted all such particulars of Batler's adventure as were necessary to enable her to comprehend the na-ture of his present mission to the Dove Cote. Before this narrative was-brought to a close, Henry and Foster had returned, bringing with them a large turkey which Henry had shot, and which the young sportsman was exhibiting with

"Huzzah, here's a new turn of good luck! "Huzzah, here's a new turn of good luck!
Horse-Shoe Robinson, the brave Sergeant," shouted Henry, as soon as he observed the stout figure
of our old friend. "Is Major Butler here, too!"
he demanded, as he shook the Sergeant's hand;
"or have you come alone? Now, sister, you
ought to be a happy woman. You bring us good
news, Mr. Horse-Shoe; I know you do."
"The news is better than if mought have been,
if the Tories had had their way," replied HorseShoe. "But a sodger's life has both shade and
sunshine in it; and the Major is now a little in

saushine in it; and the Major is now a little in the shane. the shane."
"Brother, mount quickly," said Mildred; "we have business before us. Mr. Robinson, ride beside me; I have much to say to you."
Stephen Foster, after saluting the Sergeant,

and reminding Mildred of an engagement to meet his troops on that day, took his leave of the par-The rest repaired, with as much expedition as they were able to employ, to the Dove Cote; Horse-Shoe detailing to the brother and sister, as they went along, a great many particulars of the late history of Major Butler.

When they reached the house, orders were given for the accomodation of the Sergeant; and the most sedulous attention was shown to everything that regarded his comfort. Frequent conferences were held between Mildred and Henry, and the trusty emissary. The letters we re-perused and all the circumstances that belonged to But

ler's liberation were anxiously discussed "How unlucky is it," said Mildred, "that my father should be absent at such a moment as this! Butler's appeal to him would convince him how wicked was Tyrrel's charge against his honor. And yet, in my father's late mood, the appeal might have been ineffectual; he might have refused. Sergeant, we are in great diffi-culties, and I know not what to do. A letter, you say, has been written to Lord Cornwallis."

"Yes, ma'am, and by a man who sharpened his pen with his sword."
"You heard nothing of the answer of his Lord-

"Cornwallis will be prejudiced by those around him, and he will refuse," said Mildred, with an air of deep solicitude.

"Not if he be the man I take him to be, young lady," replied Robinson, "The world says he is above doing a cowardly thing; and it isn't

"You mean the gentleman who was here when the Major stopped at Mrs. Dimmock's!" said Robinson; "that was the name the landlady spoke about—if I remember myself. I did not hear of him, ma'am, in my travels; but his ser-vant, James Curry, I met oftener, I undertake to say, than the fellow wished. He was consarned in ambushing Major Butler and me at Grindall's Ford. It was our onenion he was hired."

ord. It was our openion he was hired."
"There," exclaimed Mildred, "that confirm "There," exclaimed Midrei, "that commiss what I guessed of Tyrrel's villany. I will go to Cornwallis myself—I will expose the whole matter to his Lordship. Henry, my dear brother, it is a rash venture, but I will essay it. You must company and protect me."
"That's a sudden thought, sister, and you ma

ount on my hearty good will to help it along.
It is a brave thought of yours, besides," said Henry, pondering over it—"and everybody will praise you for it."
Robinson listened to this resolve with an in-

credulous ear.

"You wouldn't venture, young woman, to thrust yourself amongst such rough and unchristian people, as you would have to go among before you could see Cornwallist—in dauger of being taken up by outposts and pickets, or arrested by patrols, or dragged about by dragoons and fellows that have more savagery in them than wolves. Oh, no, ma'an; you don't know what wolves. Oh, no, ma'an; you don't know what wolves. Oh, no, ma'am; you don't know what you would have to put up with; that's oupossi-ble. Mr. Henry, here, and me can take a let-

"I may not trust to letters; I must go myself.

"I may not trust to eleters, I must go mysert,
You will protect me, Mr. Robinson!—my brother
and I will form some good excuse, that will take
us through safely."

"Sartainly, ma'am, I will stand by you through
all chances, if you go," replied the Sergeant.
"But there's not many women with their eyes

open, would set out ou such a march."
"It will be easily achieved," said Mildred; "it is a houest and virtuous cause that takes me away, and I will attempt it with a valiant spirit.

away, and I will attempt it with a valiant spirit.
My father's name will give me free passage
through the enemy's lines. And you shall pass
as my attendant."

"If you have a heart stout enough, ma'am, for
such hard fare, I believe I mought undertake for
your safe passage," answered Horse-Shoe; "and
it certainly would do the Major great good to
hear that you was stirring in this matter."

"Sergeant, recruit yourself as long as you
think necessary," said Mildred; "but if you can
be ready to set out to-morrow, I should lik to

think necessary," said Mildred; "but if you can be ready to set out to-morrow, I should lik to go then, and at an early hour."
"Don't stand upon my fatigue, young lady—I never saw the time when I wan't ready to march at the shortest warning. With your leave, will go look after my horse—Captain Peter, call him, ma'am. A chance of a roll, and the

rall him, ma am. A chance of a roll, and the privilege of a good green pasture, soon puts him in marching trim."

The Sergeant now left the room.
"Sister," said Hearry, "you never thought a better thought, and you never contrived a better act, than just taking this matter in hand your self, under mine and Horse-Shee's protection. self, innder mine and Horse-Shoe's protection.
Because Horse-Shoe is as brave a man as you ever fell in with; and as for me, I'll back the Sergeant. We can finish the thing in two or three weeks; and then, when I see you safe home, I'll go and join the Rangers."

"It is a perilous and uncertain journey, brother, but it is my duty. I would rather fall beneath the colorities of

neath the calamities of war, than longer endure my present-feelings. Provide yourself, brother, with all things requisite for our journey, and give old Isaac, the gardener, notice that he must go with us. We shall set out to-morrow. I will write a letter to my father to night, explaining my purpose. And one thing, Henry; you will be careful to say nothing to any one the route we

shall travel."
"I'll take my carbine, sister," said Henry; "I can sling it with a strap. And I was thinking I had better have a broad-sword."
"Leave that behind," replied Mildred, as a

CHAPTER XXXVII. THE JOURSEY COMMENCED

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1875.

When the morning came, and breakfast was over, the horses were brought to the door. Henry was active in all the preliminary arrangements for the journey, and now bestirred himself with an increased air of personal importance, Isane, a gray-headed begro, of a sofiate, and, like all his tribe, of an abundantly thoughtful length of visage, appeared in a suit of livery, ready booted and spured for his journey. A large portmanteau, containing a supply of baggage for his mistress, was duly strapped behind his saddle, while a pair of pistols were buckled upon the paumel. Henry's horse also had all the furniture necessary to a campaign; and the young martialist his self, not withstanding his sister's disapproval, which begut with a swordbelt, from which depended a light sabre, with which he was in the habit of exhibiting himself in the corps of the Rangers. His bigle hung in the corps of the Rangers. His bingle hung gracefully by his side, and his carbine was al-ready provided with a strap to sling it across his back. Stephen Foster was lost in wonder at these sudden preparations, of the import of which he could gain no more intelligence from Henry, than that a movement towards the army

was intended, of a portentons character.

Horse-Shoe sat quietly in the porch, looking on with a professional unconcern, whilst his trusty Captain Peter, bearing a pair of saddle-bags, now stuffed with a plethora of provisions, slouched his head, in patient fixdness, waiting the order to move. A beyy of domestics hing around the scene of preparation, lost in conjecaround the scene of preparation, lost in conjec-tures as to the meaning of this strange array, and

prosecuting an inquiry to satisfy themselves, with fruitless perseverance.

When Mildred appeared at the door, she was habited for her journey. The housekeeper, an aged dame, stood near her.

"My travel, Mistress Morrison," she said, addressing the matron and at the same time putdressing the matron, and at the same time putting a letter into her hand, "I trust, will not keep me long from home. If my father should return before I do, be careful to give him that. Mr. Foster, you will not forget your promise," she added, as she delivered the second letter, which, notwithstanding her own expedition, she had prepared for Butler, in the hope that opportunity might favor its transmission by Stephen.

"The gold," said Stephen, putting his hand in his pocket; "you will want it yourself, Miss Mildred, and I can do without it."

"Never mind that"

"Never mind that," interrupted Mildred.
"Keep your promise, and I hope to be able to rerard you more according to your deserts.' "Heaven and the saints protect you, Miss Mildred!" said the housekeeper, as the lady bade her farewell. "You leave us on some heavy errand. God grant that you come back with a gayer face than you take away!" Then turning up her eyes, and raising her hands, she ejacula-ted, "This is an awful thing, and past my un-

erstanding."

Mildred took leave of the rest of the group in her saddle around the door, and was soon in her saddle. This was a signal for the rest to mount, and as Stephen Foster delivered Henry his rife, the latter took occasion to whisper in the hunter's

"It is not unlikely. Steve, that we may meet again over here in Carolina; so make inquiries for us, as you go along, and tell the men I hope to join them before they fire one shot in spite. But mum, Steve; not a word about our route." Stephen shook hands with his young comrade; and Henry, seeing that the rest of the party had already left the door, and were some distance down the hill, called our, with an electric trans-good humor—"Farewell, Mrs. Morrison, and all the rest of you?" and putting spurs to his horse, he then galloped off to join his sister.

The route pursued by the travellers lay due south, and during the first three or four days of their journey, they were still in the confines of Virginia. To travel on horseback was a customary feat, even for ladies; and such cavleade as

ance of any party of pleasure upon the high-roads, in the course of a Sammer excursion.

On the fifth day, the party crossed the river Dan, and entered the province of North Caroli-na. A small remnant of Gates's shattered army lay at Hillsborough, at no great distance from the frontier; and as Mildred was anxious to avoid the inquiry or molestation to be expected in passing through a military post, she resolved to travel by a lower route; and Horse-Shoe, therefore, at the sugge-tion, directed his journey to wards the little village of Tarborough.

Cornwallis, it was understood, since the battle of Camden, had removed his headquarters into the neighborhood of the Waxhaws, some distance up the Catawba, where he was supposed to be yet stationed. The whole country in the neighborhood of either army was in a state of carnest preparation; the British commander re-cruiting his forces for further and-immediate operations—the American endeavoring to re-assemble his feeble and scattered auxilaries for defence. At the present moment, actual hostili-ties between these two parties were entirely suspended, in auxious anticipation of the rapidly approaching renewal of the struggle. It was a breathing time, when the panting combatants, exhausted by battle, stood sulleniy eyeing each

exhausted by battle, stood sullenly eyeing each other, and making ready—the one to strike, the other to ward off another stringgling blow.

The country over which Mildred was now to travel, was calculated to tax her powers of endurance to the utmost. It was a dreary waste of barren wilderness, covered with an endless for-est of gloomy pine, through which a heavy, san-dy road crept in lurid and melancholy shade. dy road crept in lurid and melancholy shade.

Still, these regions were not deserted. Bodies of irregular troops, ill clothed and worse armed, and generally bearing the languard features of disease, such as mark the population of a sickly climate, were often encountered upon the road, directing their wearied march towards the head-quarters of the readilican army.

quarters of the republican army.

"One never would have gnessed," said Horse-Shoe, towards the close of the second day after they had entered North Carolina, "that one as daintily nursed as you was at home, Mistress Mildred, could have ever borne this here roughing of it through these piney woods. But I have made one observation, the Lindsay; that no one can tell what they are fit for, until they are tried; and on the back of that, I have anothare tried; and on the back of that, I have anoth-or; that when there's a great stir that rouses up a whole country, it don't much signify whether they are man or woman, they all get roused alike. 'Pon my word, ma'am, I have seen men-who think themselves sodgers, too—that would be onwilling to trust themselves at this time of year through such a dried ap piece of pine bar-ren as we have been travelling over for two days past."

"You remember the fable of the willow and the oak, Mr. Robinson," replied Mildred, amiling; "the storm may bring down the stordy tree, but the simple shrub will bend before it without

"I'm not given to religious takings on," said the Sergeant; "but sometimes a notion comes in-to my head, that looks a little that way, and the Sergeant; "but sometimes a notion comes into my head, that looks a little that way, and that is, when God appoints a thing to be done, he gives them that's to do it, all the wherewithals. Now, as Major Butler is a good man and a brave sodger—God bless him!—it does seem right that yon, Mistress Lindsay,—who, I take on me to understand enough of your consarns and his'n, without offence, to say has a leaning towards the Major.—I say, it does seem right and natural that you should lend a hand to help him out of tribulation; and so you see, the cause being a good cause, the Lord has given you both wisdom and strength to do what is right."

"We owe, Sergeant, a duty to our country; and we serve God and our country both, when we strengthen the hands of its defenders."

"That's a valiant speech, young lady, and it's a noble speech," said Hors—Shor, with an earnest emphasis. "I have often told the Major that the women of this country had as honest thoughts about this war, and was as warm for our cause as the men; and some of them, perhaps, a little warmer. They could be pitted agin the women of any quarter of the aqueous globe, in bearing and forbearing both, when it is for the good of the country."

"Hearry is asleep on his horse," said Mildred, "Hearry is asleep on his horse," said Mildred,

and forbearing both, when the country."

"Henry is asleep on his horse," said Mildred, looking at her brother, who now, jaded and worn with the effort of travel, was nedding and dropping his head forward, and almost losing his seat. "What, Henry, brother." she added, loud enough to rouse up the young horseman. "My trusty pavalier, are you going to fall from your

horse? Where is all that boasted glorification upon which you were disposed to be so eloquent, only a week ago? I thought aman on horseback was naturally proud; I fear it was only on holi-day occasions you meant, Henry. Haven't you a word for a sunny day and a dry journey? You lag more like a miller's boy with his bag of meal. than a young soldier setting out on his adven-

"Ah, sister," said Henry, waking up, "this is "Ah, sister," said Henry, waking up, "this is nothing but pine—pine—and sand, without end. There is no game in the woods to keep a man on the look-out, except here and there a herd of wild hogs, that snort and run from us, like a squadrou of cavalry, with their bristles set upon their backs as fierce as the back fin of a suntish. There is not even grass to look at—you might see a black snake running half a mile among the trees. And then, there are such great patches of burnt timber, every trunk staring at you, as black as thunder. I'm tired of it all—I want to see the green fields again."

"And, in truth, brother, so do I—but not until to see the green fields again."
"And, in truth, brother, so do I but not until

we can bring merry faces to look upon them. How far are we from Tarborough!" "We should be drawing nigh to the town," replied Horse-Shoo; "for you may see that we shall soon be out of these woods, by the signs of open country shead. The last squad of sodgers that passed us, said that when we came to the farms, we shouldn't be more than five miles from the town, and the san isn't above an hour high." "In the hope of being soon housed, then, Mr. Robinson, I may confess to you I am somewhat weary; but a good night's rest will put me in fair condition for to-morrow's ride again."

After the lapse of an hour, the party were safely sheltered in a tolerably comfortable inn at the village; and Mildred, aided by the sedulous care of Henry, found herself well bestowed in the

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY. From Tarborough, our travellers continued their route towards the Pedee, by the main road which led through Cross Creek, a small hamlet on Cape Fear River, near the site of the present town of Fayetteville. Several days had passed by, for the journey through the wilderness had been slaving property when Robinson towards. en slowly prosecuted, when Robinson, towards the approach of evening, aunounced to Mildred his conjecture that they were not far off the Pe-dec. The banks of this river had been the scene of frequent hostilities, and the war that had been carried on here was of the most ruthless kind.

The thoughts of Robinson had been for some The thoughts of Robinson had been for some days past, running upon the probable difficulties that might attend the guise in which he was now about to return to his native province. This was a subject of some concern, since he ran a risk of being compelled either to desert his charge, or to bring his companions into jeopardy, among the many persons of both armies who were, 2st least by report, acquainted with his were, at least by report, acquainted with his name and his military connexions. He had exname and his military connexions. De-plained to Mildred the necessity of his appear-plained to Mildred the necessity associated with ng in some definite character, associated with he object of her journey, and of which, upon mergency, he might claim the benefit to retain post near her. This matter was summarily

settled by Henry.
"In general, Mr. Horse-Shoe, you can call courself Stephen Foster-yon know Steve; and con can say that you are Mr. Philip Lindsay's rardener. Isaac, here, can let yon enough into the craft to pass muster, if any of them should

take it into their heads, it avaning you Mind that, Isaac—and recollect, old fellow, you are only sister Mildred's waiting man." "Sarrainly, master," replied Isaac. "And, Sergeant, I'll tell you all about Steve; so that you can get your lesson by heart. You have a wife and five children—remember that. I'll give you all their names, by and by."
"Thanks to the mercies of God, that ar'n't my

fortune yet," said Horse-Shoe, laughing: "but,

I'll stick by it."

This beeing agreed upon, it became one of the amusements of the roadside to put the Sergeant through his catechism, which was designed to make him familiar with the traits of private history relating to the Dove Cote and its appurte-nances, that he might thereby maintain his identity, in the event of a close investigation. Horse Shoe was but an awkward scholar in this school of disguise, and gave Henry sufficient em-ployment to keep him in the path of probability; and, indeed, the young teacher himself found it difficult to maintain an exact versimilitude in the part which it was his own province to play

a this deception.

On the evening to which we have alluded, the Sergoant, finding himself within a short distance of the district of country in which he was almost certain to encounter parties of both friends and foes, adopted a greater degree of circumspection than he had hitherto deemed it necessary to ob-serve. His purpose was to halt upon the bor-ders of the forest, and endeavor to obtain accurate information of the state of affairs along the river, before he entered upon this dangerous ground. They had not advanced far in this manner, before the Sergeant descried, at some distance ahead, a small log hut standing by the road side, which, by the smoke that issued from the chimney, he perceived to be inhabited. Upon this discovery he ordered the party to ston and this discovery, he ordered the party to stop, and await his return. Then, giving spurs to his horse, he galloped forward, and, after a short interval of absence, returned, made a favorable re-

port of his reconnoissance, and conducted his companions to the house.

The little cabin to which Mildred was thus introduced, was the homestead of an honest Whig soblier, by the name of Wingate, who was now in the service, under the command of one of the most gallant partisans that any country ever produced—Francis Marion, then recently promoted to the rank of a Brigadier. The immates were the soldier's family, consisting of a young woman and a number of small children, all demonstra-

and a number of small children, all demonstra-ting, by their appearance, a condition of exceed-ingly limited comfort.

The woman of the house was kind and hespi-table, and her attentions were in no small degree quickened by the application of a few pieces of money which Mildred insisted upon her receiv-ing—much to the discomirture of the dame's self-possession—the boon consisting of hard coin, to an amount of which, perhaps, she had never be-fore been mistrees.

ore been mistress.

Mildred was exceedingly fatigued, and it was

Mildred was exceedingly fatigued, and it was an object of early consideration, to furnish her the means of rest. Our hostess, assisted by old Isaac, and officiously but awkwardly superintended by Horse-Shoe, began her preparations for supper, to the abundance of which the provident Sergeant was enabled to contribute some useful elements from his wallet.

The supper being dispatched, Mildred was left alone with her hostess, to seek the repose of which she stood so much in need.

The Sergeant now set about making provision for the rest of the party. This was done by erecting a shelter beneath one of the trees of the forest, opposite the door of the cabin. It was composed of a few boughs stacked against the trunk of a tree, sufficiently covered with leaves to turn aside any rain that might happen to fall. Under this cover, Horse-Shoe appointed that he and his comrades should pass the night, enjoining them to keep a regular watch for the security of the lady, whose welfare was now the object of his most sechlous attention. All these preparations were made with the exactness of military rule, and with a skill that greatly delighted Henry.

The habits of the experienced soldier were ca-

military rule, and who a substitute of the experienced soldier were cariously illustrated in the thoughtful and sober foresight with which Robinson adapted his plans to the exigencies of his condition, and then in the imperturbable light-heartedness with which, after his measures of safety were taken, he waith the progress of events. His watchfulness after his measures of safety were taken, he waited the progress of events. His watchfulness
seemed to he an instinct, engendered by a familiarity with danger, while the steady and mirthful tone of his mind was an attribute that never
gave way to the inroads of care. He was the
same composed and self-possessed being in a besieged garrison, or in the moment of a threatened excelled as aroung his cropius he a Winter-

"In this startight, Mister Henry," he said, after he had puffed out two or three charges of his pipe, "I can't see your eyes, but by your yawn, ton Dispatches." They cannot tell a he.

ing, I judge you are a little sleepy. Take my advice, and turn in. A sodger ought to snatch his rest when he can get it. I'll keep gnard over our young lady; the Lord protect her, for a most an elegant and oneominon precious young creature! Fling 'your great coat upon the leaves, and go at it, my lad, like a good fellow."

"If I was at home, Mr. Horse-Shoe, at the Dove Cote, I could sit up all night, listening to your stories; but I believe I am bewitched to-night, for my eyelids, this hour past, have been snapping like rat-traps. So, I'll just stretch out for an hour or so, and then get up and take my turn at the goard."

at the guard. "Don't trouble your head about watching. "Don't trouble your head about watching," replied Horse Shoe; "you are not old enough for that yet. At your time of life, Mr. Lindsay, a good nigh's rest is the best part of a ration. And to-morrow, if I'm not mistaken, you will have need of all the strength you can muster to-night. As for me, it isn't much second whether I'm asleep or awake."

"Not so fast, Sergeant," rejoined the youth; "I'm a other widdle the

"Not so fast, Sergeant," rejoined the youth;
"I m an older soldier than you take me for;
Stephen and I have watched many a night for
raccoons. No, no; I'll have my turn towards
morning. So, you and Isaac take the first part
of the night between you, and if anything should
happen, call me; I'm one of your minute men.
So, good night. My horse trots harder than I So, good night. My horse trots harder than I thought he did."

was not long before our boasted minute man was locked up in a spell apparently as pro-found as that which the legend affirms assailed the seven sleepers; and Isaac, not even waiting for the good example of his master, had already sunk upon the ground, with that facility which distinguishes his race, the most uncaring and happiest of mortals.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miscellann.

THE UNSOLD LANDS. BY A. J. R. DUGANNE.

A billion of acres of unsold land Are lying in griv yous dearth; And millions of men in the image of God, Are staving—all over the earth! (h! tell me, ye sons of America); How much men's lives are worth!

Ten hundred millions of acres good, That never knew spade or plaw: And a million of souls, in our goodly land, Are pluing in want. I trow; And orphans are crying for bread this day And widows in misery bow!

To whom do these acres of land belong! To whom do these acres of land belong? And why do they thriftless lie? And why is the wislow's lament unheard— And stiffed the orphan's cry? And why are the poor-house and jail so full— And the gallows-tree built so high? Those millions of acres belong to Man!

And his claim is—that he needs! And his till is sealed by the hand of God— Our God! who the ravens feeds. And the starving soul of each famished man At the throne of justice pleads! Ye may not beed it, ye hanghty men. Whose hearts as rocks are cold! But the time will come when the flat of God In thunder shall be told!

For the voice of the Great I Am both said That "The land shall not be sold!"

DON'T KINS THE HABY. susan kilming of children is, the Scicatific American, a pestilent practice. use the word advisedly, and it is mild for the oc-casion. Murderous would be the proper word, did the kissers know the mischief they do. Yes, madam, murderous; and we are speaking to you. Do you remember colling on your dear friend Mrs. Brown the other day, with a strip of flannel round your neek! And when little Flora came dancing into the room, didn't you pounce upon Your caresses were fatal. Two or three days af-ter, the little-per-began to complain of sore throat, too. The symptoms grew rapidly alarming, and when the doctor came the simple word diphtheria sufficed to explain them all. To-day a little mound in Greenwood is the sole memento of your visit. Of course the mother does not suspect, and would not dare to suspect, you of any instrumentality in her bereavement. She charges it to a mysterious Providence. The doc-says nothing to disturb the illusion; that would be impolite, if not cruel; but to an outsider he is free to say that the child's death was due direct-ly to your infernal stupidity. Those are precise-ly his words: more foreible than elegant, it is true; but who shall say, under the circumstances, that they are not justifiable? Remember,

Evil is wrought by want of thought As well as by want of heart. It would be hard to tell how much of the prev-dent sickness and mortallity from diphtheria is due to such want of thought. As a rule, abilits have the disease in so mild a form that they mistake it for a simple cold, and as a cold is not contagious, they think nothing of exposing others to their breath, or the greater danger of labial contact. Taking into consideration the well-established fact that diphtheria is usually, if not always communicated by the direct transplanting ways, communicated by the direct transplanting of the malignant vegetation which causes the disease, the fact that there can be no more cerrain means of bringing the contagion to its favorite soil than the act of kissing, and the future fact that the custom of kissing children on all occasions is all but universal, it is not surprising that, when the cocasions is all but universal, it is not surprissing that, when the disease is once imported into a community, it is very likely to become epidemic. It would be absured to charge the spread of diphtheria entirely to the practice of child-kissing. There are other modes of propagation, though it is hard to conceive of any more directly suited to the spread of the infection or more general in its operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the spread of the the propagation, that are all the spread of the stands to diphtheria in about the operation. It stands to diphtheria in about the same relation that promisenous hand-shaking formerly did to the itch. It were better to avoid the practice. The children will not suffer if they go unkissed; and their friends ought for their sake to forego the luxury for a season. A single kiss has been known to infect a family; and the most careful may be in condition to communicate the discase without knowing it. Beware then of playing Judas, and let the babies

Names in the Forty-Fourth Congress Careful scrutiny of the list of Representatives elect to the Forty-fourth Congress reveals but one Smith—a Georgia gentleman. That is an unusually small representation in the House of a large family. There is but one Jones also, Thomas L., of Kentucky. But the Williamses loom up. There are no less than six of them. Jerry, of Alabams; James, of Indiana; and Alphens, of Michigan—all Democrats; and William, of Michigan; Andrew, of New York, and Charles, of Wisconsin—all Republicans. The Harrises come next; three of them—Henry, of Georgia, and John, of Virginia, Democrats; and Benjamin, of Massachusetts, a Republican. All of the other members who are not single travel in complex. Massachusetts, a Republican. All of the other members who are not single travel in couples. There are two Woods-Fernando, of New York, Democrat, and Allen, of Pennsylvania, Republican. Two Phillipses—John, of Missouri, Democrat, and William, of Kansas, Republican. Two Hamiltons—Andrew, of Indiana, and Robert, of New Jersey, both Democrats. Two Caldwells—John, of Alabama, and William, of Tennessee, both Democrats. Two Wailaces—John, of Pennsylvania, and Alexander, of South Carolina, both Republicans. Two Wilsons—James, of Iowa, Republican, and Benjamin, of West Virginia, Democrat. Two Burchards—Horatio, of Illinois, and Samuel, of Wisconsin, both Republicans. Two Roillys—John and James, of Pennsylvania, both Democrats; and two Bagleys—John and George, both of New York, the first a Democrat and the second a Republican. There are two Clarks with both of New York, the first a Democrat and the second a Republican. There are two Clarks with the same initials, John B., and both are Demo-crata—one from Missouri, and the other from Texas. Another variation is a similarity in pe-culiar given names, an illustration of it being furnished in Scott Wike, of Illinois, and Scott Lord, of New York, who are both Democrats.

THE New York Herold has "General Washing"

A MINESOTA WINTER.

Thirty below zero. The windows are curtained with time

The windows are curtained with time. Icicles pend from heard and monstaches. Horses trot in a coat of silver mail. If you have ears, prepare to shed them now. This is "the cold week" of the Minnesota Winter, but in no recent similar period has the dip of the thermometer averaged quite so low. Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights were remarkably severe, and those who slept with an open window at the foot of the bed, escrificed confort to ventilation. They escaped the Seylla of asplayia and skitted near the Charybdia of congelation. And when they rose at last they

congelation. And when they rose at last they found the mercury hovering in the vicinity of minus 30 degrees.

During these days the air has been laden with moisture, and the atmospheroical phenomena has been striking and beautful. Saturday was a specimen day. At 2 o'clock the san glowed sullenly in a solid bank of cloud, and during sullenly in a solid bank of cloud, and during this season of modifices, two mock suns, nearly as large and brilliant as the real sun, appeared in the sky to the right and left, some twenty degrees distant, and horizontal with it, and these were suspended in a brilliant halo, which enorried the sun, the horizon cutting off the lower edge. Shortly after their burst through the clouds, twenty degrees further off, another large halo, containing, however, no duplicate suns. These halos gradually brightened until they took on all the tints of iris, and there were twin "rainhows" painted in Nature's most delicate touch. on all the tints of Iris, and there were twin "rain-hows" painted in Nature's most delicate touch. And, above them all, nearly in the zenith, glow-ed the corona, the segment of an inverted how, painted with gorgeons dyes, from red to parple, resting on the outer halo, and exceedingly bril-licated. liant at the point of tangency. This was bright-er than the other bows, and lasted longer, but it was fickle—finding, then flashing up in a spleadid are, coming and going like the lumbent light of the aurora. Finally the sun declined, the fog lifted, and the iris, parhelia and corona melted

away.
While the phenomena lasted there was no sno or rain falling, but the air was very heavy with congealed moisture. The haloes and accessory glories are caused by the san shining through a bank of ice crystal—a cloud frozen up. These crystals form in hexagonal prisms, and the refraction of light through them, when all favorable circumstances combine search that the contraction of the combine search that the contraction of the combine search that the combine circumstances combine, creates the twin haloes, the twin parhelia or "sun dogs," and (more rare

the twin parhelia or "sun dogs," and (more rarely) the crown over.

The cold, dry weather is favorable to electrical fun. In houses that are well heated, especially in those heated by furnaces, it is easy for participants in the fun to give one another shocks, by the electricity generated by shuffling, in shoes, over a thick carpet. A youngster given to "cutting up" can get considerable fun out of this, and sparks that are both visible and audible can be sent from the knuckle or finger-end to the be sent from the knuckle or inger-end to the nose of the person who is operated on. If that nose happens to be, from any reason, particularly larid, the effect is greatly heightened.

On the whole, a Minnesota Winter has its compensations.—Minnesota Mail, January 11th.

Time Bringing Its Own Revenges.

Says the Boston Herald: "Of the two ablest leading articles for Bowen's paper that Theodoro Tilton ever wrote, William M. Evarts was the subject. Both appeared in 1898—one in May and the other in October. The first was prompted by his identification with the defense of Andrew Johnson and the impeachment trial, and the second by the acceptance of an invitation of a public dinner tendered to him by the New York har apon his assumption of the office of Attorney General of the United States. Six years have rolled by since these vinilicitive and powerful rolled by since these vindictive and powerful assaults were made, and Mr. Evarts now appears on the scene as the legal champion of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's reputation, and, of course, as the principal opponent of Theodere Tilton and for any lie that can be invested. The Major and me talked that thing over, and he's of opinion that lying, in an enemy's country, is not forbidden in the Scriptures. So, I like your plan, and I'll stick by it."

This beeing agreed upon, it became one of the appropriate that the Series one of the appropriate that the Series one of the series of the restriction of the series of the restriction of the series advocate, but to buy the most serviceable politi-cian; who once asserted that he put his little advocate, but to buy the most serviceable politician; who more asserted that he put his little
measure of Reger Sherman's blood to an unwonted blush by bartering for a price the safety of a
Republic? And because upon another occasion
Mr. Tilton saw fit to stigmatize him as a lotuscating lawyer, a frost-withered politician, a
ghostly little attorney, and to wender when he
sat down to his public dinner how much besides
his meat and drink he would have to swallow,
is it to be believed that the recollection of these
phrases will toud to weaken the return hite phrases will tend to weaken the return hits which the great advocate in his argument will have an opportunity to deliver? We are afraid that Theodore will be made to realize the truth of Webster's retort to Hayue, that in this world

there are blows to take as well as blows to give. ANOTHER HISTORICAL WATCH .- There is now ANOTHER HISTORICAL WATCH.—There is now at the jewelry store of Wm. Russell & Son, of this place, undergoing repairs, an old watch bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Hon. Patrick Henry, a delegate in Congress from the province of Virginia, by his friend, Charles Carroll, Annapolis, Md., July 22, 1773." It was made by Wm. Robinson, of Liverpiol, and numbered 2,475. It is now the property of Hon. William Johnson, of Bardstown. He got it from a good-looking, well-dressed, oily-tongued rascal a good-looking, well-dressed, oily-tongued rascal named Barton, with several aliases, who came to this place in 1896, and pretended that he wanted to place his sister in Rev. J. V. Crosby's school. to place his sister in Rev. J. V. Crosby's school. After making all the arrangements, he gave the Professor a check on a St. Louis bank for \$50 more than the amount necessary to pay for her tuition, and Prof. Crosby gave him that amount in cash. He did not get out of reach before the forgery was detected, and he was arrested, tried and sout to the Penitentiary. He gave Governor Johnson the watch for defending him. The watch is a very old one, has an open face and silver dial, finely carved. ver dial, finely carved.

A MEMENTO OF DANIEL BOONE.—Frankfort, Ky., Yeoman: Mr. James, a farmer residing on the headwaters of the Six-Mile Creek, about ten miles from Frankfort, some weeks ago stambled upon a forest memento of the great old pioners of Kentucky, on his place, which, it seems remarkable, was not disnovered before. This, however, may be accounted for by the loneliness and out-of-the-way character of the locality. In a deep dell, near the bank of a little stream, which is one of the confluents of Six-Mile Creek, he found on a becelt tree, some five or six feet from the ground, the following deeply-engraved inscription: "Daniel Boone, July 10, 1770." Mr. James proceeded to cut down the free and to saw a section of it containing the inscription. The tree from which the block is sawed, four or five feet from the ground, was found to be 33 inches in diameter. A MEMENTO OF DANIEL BOONE .- Frankfort,

The cell of of the Caracian canada actual the notion of eternal danuation has about died out of the Churches. His editorial to that effect has kindled quite a blaze. It heats things upeatensively to try to pull hell out. Quite a large number are interested in that institution yet. What troubles us is, that we can't keep more of it out of this world. it out of this world. In Giasgow, recently, a man carried home a dru

The editor of the Christian Union declares that

had disagow, recently, a man carried home action ken woman whom he supposed was his wife. Inside the house the woman died, and it was then discovered that she was a total stranger. The missing wife afterward turned up at the Central Police Station, where she had been locked up on a charge of drunkenness.

It was a woman—Elizabeth, Counters of Than-at—who first petitioned the Irish Government for a penny post. This was 172 years aga. Sub-sequently, for that valuable heat, she was award-ed a pension of £300 sterling per annum.

A Rochester, N. Y., scientist recently dined with several friends, including two or three ladies, upon a nine-year old rattlesanke, the flesh of which is said to have tasted like that of an cel.

He placed his foot on the hammer of his gus, blew into the muzzle, and it is now James Sevel, deceased. He lived near London, Ohio, Iowa and Michigan are the two Western States which do not many propose for murder, ex-cept by stoles.